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AN

ELEGY

On the Death of

Master G. R. BERKELEY,

SON OF THE LATE

DEAN OF CANTERBURY,

AND GRANDSON OF THE EXCELLENT

BISHOP OF CLOYNE,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF

Eight Years four Months and four Days.

Extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1795.

Written by a Youth of eighteen.

E V E S H A M :

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Idem

James's

Book

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ELEGY, &c.

“O MAY I ever, like the Saints above,
Adore my Maker with seraphic love!
I ask not earthly treasures to obtain:
Be poverty my lot, if Christ my gain”
Thus spake the loveliest child that e’er the
 sound
Of the last trump shall summon from the
 ground.
Heav’n heard, and yielding to the warm
 request,
Receiv’d with open arms the longing guest.
But ah! how much that dread compliance cost,
Say ye, who mourn a son, a brother lost?
Nor think, though anguish should the voice
 restrain,

Ye cannot tell your agonizing pain.
 More than the pomp and majesty of song,
 Or words, that move in solemn state along;
 More than the deep-ton'd, melancholy knell
 The big-swoln eye, and heaving bosom tell.
 What, tho' from care and sorrow far away,
 He shines for ever in the realms of day,
 Still sigh we must—but sigh, alas! in vain :
 No sighs, no tears, no wishes can regain.
 Can tears or sighs recal the fleeting breath,
 Or move the bosom of relentless death ?
 What force of words, what pathos can prevail,
 Where beauty, innocence, and *Robert* fail ?
 Lamented *Robert* ! thou whose spotless breast
 No sin polluted, no remorse opprest !
 Blest with the art affection to engage ;
 Fond without flatt'ry, arch above thy age ;
 Manly in voice and look, of heart sincere,
 Stranger alike to ev'ry vice and fear !
 Oft, as returning, this lov'd school I see,
 Once blest with joy, and liveliness, and thee,
 Still from my bosom steal unbidden sighs,
 And thoughts of former happiness arise.

What gen'rous pity in thy bosom glow'd,
 Thy ev'ry action, ev'ry gesture show'd ;
 What strong emotions fill'd thy tender breast,
 To see a babe by sad disease oppress !
 Eager to pity, though you durst not greet,
 You flew to kiss the wretched infant's feet.
 Tho' from the gloomy mansions of the grave,
 Thee, nor thy virtue, nor thy form could save.
 Can we forget the beauties of thy face,
 The seat of dignity and manly grace ?
 What pow'r of song those auburn locks can tell
 Which down thy back in graceful ringlets fell?
 What, tho' a total dimness has o'erspread
 The noblest eyes that ever grac'd a head,
 Still on their former lustre dwells the mind,
 Where lively sense and sweetness shone
 combin'd.

No farther powers fond Nature could unite
 To raise our admiration and delight :
 Oh! had she stopt, content with the display,
 Nor rais'd their value by their shorten'd stay !
 But Faith perform'd what Nature could not do:
 Still other virtues Faith held forth to view ;

Faith ev'ry anxious thought and wish suppress'd,

And warm'd with firm belief his youthful breast.

E'en when some truth to question he inclin'd,
Reflection brought this moral to his mind :

"Man was not made to question, but adore!"

He stopt, submissive stopt, nor added more.

At that black hour, the cause of ev'ry sigh,

When Death, remorseless conqueror, drew
nigh,

His soul, while here his tortur'd body lay,

Aspiring said, "Lord teach my heart to pray"

For me, who, mindful of my absent friend,

Have paid this mournful tribute to his end,

It still appear'd some solace, some relief,

To tell how great HIS merits and MY grief.

Thus the poor bird, who mourns her plunder'd nest,

With plaintive notes by fond concern oppress,
Sounds through the wood sequester'd from
the throng,

And vents her grief in melody and song.

NOTES.

MASTER G. ROBERT BERKELEY, the subject of the preceding Elegy, was the second Son of the Rev. Dr. G. Berkeley, Dean of Canterbury, who died Jan. the 6th, 1795, about two years after the affecting loss of his eldest, and then only Son, George Monk Berkeley, Esq. of Magdalen-Hall, who was four years older than his Brother, outlived him sixteen or seventeen years, was L. L. B. in the University of Dublin, F. S. S. A. a Member of Magdalen-Hall, Oxford, of the Inner-Temple, London, and in 1789, published a work intituled, *Literary Relicks, or Original Letters of Royal and Eminent Personages.* The celebrated Bishop of Cloyne was the Dean's Father, whose Epitaph in Christ-church Cathedral,

thedral, is that single, but significative, line of Pope,

“ To Berkeley every Virtue under Heaven.”

The Bishop died in Oxford, where he resided in his last days for the benefit of his Son's education, the 14th. of January 1752, aged seventy-three, and it was observed on the decease of the Dean, that the Grandfather, Son, and Grandson, all died in the Month of January. George Robert died April the 15th. 1775, above eight years of Age, but as for growth in stature, so also for parts and piety, far beyond his years.

The premature death of this most amiable, and promising Child, tho' cheared with the dawn of a brighter day in the higher world, yet could not but be deeply felt by the heart of the affectionate Father, and awakened the sensibility of a young friend and companion, of eighteen, Mr. Charles Sawkins, of Kings School, Canterbury, private tutor to Dr. Berkeley's sons, and now student of Christ Church ; the effusions

sions of whose friendship express themselves in the preceding affectionate lines, which are accompanied with the following notes, because of the frequent allusions in them to amiable personalities in the form, mind, manners, accomplishments, and attractions of the lovely child. As in the four first lines, &c.

When reading one day to his Mother, the subject led him to enquire, what was the difference between a Cherub and a Seraph ? He was told, that it was supposed by divines, that Seraphs loved God most, but that Cherubs knew more of God, and of his adorable nature. He paused near a minute, and appeared to be in deep thought : then looking at his Mother, he said, “ Mama, mama, pray listen to me : I do desire to be a Seraph, that I may love God a great deal, rather than be a Cherub, and have a vast deal of knowledge.” This was remarkable, as he had a very uncommon thirst for knowledge. The above choice was made just a month before his death, when in good health, in high gay spirits, being just
come

come in from playing with some of his school-fellows.—When he was but seven years old, reading that part of the Gospel, where our blessed Saviour says, “How hardly shall they that are rich enter into the kingdom of heaven!” he started, dropt the Bible on the table, and said: “What! can no rich people go to heaven? Being desired to proceed, and see what would follow, he read, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.” He added, “Then I am sure it is impossible.” On being told that Christ says, how hard it is for those, who trust in riches, to enter into the kingdom of heaven; and that riches are apt to draw off the heart from God, although that is not always the case; he laid down his book, considered some time in silence, then addressed his mother as before, and said, “I do desire to be poor, and to go to Christ, rather than to be very rich, and live without him.” He naturally loved money exceedingly, and never parted with it willingly but to the poor: he would frequently borrow of the servants to relieve them, if his allowance was all spent.

Lines

Lines 5, 6, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 42, 43, 44, 45. He was universally allowed to be very handsome, he had fine large eyes, with an uncommon mixture of sense and sweetness, and very long dark eye-lashes, his hair was nut brown, curling on his forehead, and round his face, and hanging in graceful ringlets almost to the bottom of his back, his Complexion was a distinct red and white : his gait and air were remarkably manly, and his voice a deep, but not coarse voice. He was very uncommonly tall, being at the time of his death exactly five feet one inch. He spoke French as well as he did his mother tongue ; drew, and cut paper beautifully ; sang, and danced finely ; and went through the whole exercise of the infantry most gracefully. His figure and beauty were so striking, that when his Father went to reside at Canterbury, (he being four years and a half old,) persons used to call their neighbours to their doors to look at the beautiful child that walked out with the stranger-footmen ; he was not put into men's cloaths till near six years old. He chaunted at five years old the whole service at the cathedral, as well as a choirister. " A blaze betokens brevity," says Dr. Young.

Lines 10, 24, 25, 27. This dear and lamented Robert (for he was generally called by his second name) had an uncommon affection for his elder Brother, four years older than himself, whom he loved so violently, as is hardly to be described. He has been overheard by the servants of the family; when alone with his Brother, to say, "Brother, I will not live a moment after you—die whenever you will. If you go to fight against the French, I will go too: if you are shot, I will be shot the very next minute." When he was not six years old, his Brother was exceedingly ill, and, refusing to take a medicine, this lovely child came to him, and in an agony of soul *not to be described*, urged him to take it, saying, "if you will not, I must die." This had the desired effect, as his Brother doated on him, and was so delighted with hearing his beauty admired, as was wonderful, but he had not a grain of envy in his nature.—He had a regard to truth, for he had been always told that God saw all that passed in his heart; and he was so fully convinced of the truth of it, that he never could be prevailed on to say any thing he did not really think,
and

and yet he had a sweet engaging manner of saying obliging things.

Lines 39, 40. This alludes to a little incident, which happened when he was only two years and a quarter old. A poor woman brought a wretched little child to his Father's house to apply for relief : the poor creature was covered over with a loathsome humour. He, sitting in his nurse's arms, heard the Mother tell its deplorable case : he turned to his nurse, and said, " Pray let me go and kiss it, to make it well." She fearing her darling might suffer by his philanthropy, said, " No, you *must* not, lest you should get any harm." He submitted, sat some minutes, then sprang from her arms, ran across the room, and kissed each of the child's shoes, saying, " There I have kissed its shoes ; I hope that will make it well, and can do me no harm, nurse." When he was three years and a quarter old, his nurse had a violent illness : his grief was very great. Some months afterwards she related to a friend how ill she had been ; he was at the other part of the room, much taken up (as it was supposed) with play ; he left his play-things,

things, ran to her, and with tears in his eyes said; "Pray, my dear nurse, do not talk any more of your illness. I *cannot* bear to think what I felt then."

"Ye who ere lost an angel, pity me,"

says the eloquent Young. Pity the relatives of this lovely child! And of that truly amiable little creature Master Tatton, only Son of the Rev. Dr. Tatton, and Grandson of that patron of the poor, Dean Lynch, who survived his *be-loved* Robert only *one* month, dying on that day month, of the same dreadful fever, then raging in Canterbury. He was a year and a half older than his friend Master R. B. It is a fact that they were both children of very uncommon piety for their tender age—both would go, of their own accord, to church on an holiday, before they went to cricket, so as often to occasion Dr. Berkeley, at his return from church, to say, "There was dear little Tatton and Robert at church, chaunting like two cherubs, and now they are scampered off to play with the other boys as eagerly as any of them."

Lines

Lines 61, 65. He would, when reading the Holy Scripture, often ask questions not to be answered. Lest a too great inquisitiveness might lead to scepticism, he was told to keep always in his mind that fine line of Dr. Young,

“ Man was not made to question, but adore.”

This was near a year before his death. About six weeks before that dreadful event, some doubts arising in his mind of a very deep nature, he was told, that those were questions that could not properly be known, till mortality was swallowed up of life. He replied, “ To be sure, Man was not made to question, but adore.”— During his last illness of only seven days, he was one night much troubled, lest he should not go to God, and cried out to the servant who always waited upon him, “ Teach me to pray.” She replied with tears, “ My angel, God will teach you to pray.” He said, with great earnestness, “ Lord, teach my heart to pray.” He had always been told, that the prayer which reacheth to God, must come from the heart, and with the heart this lovely creature often did pray.

pray. He always used Bishop Kenn's Prayers and Hymns.

This pleasing portrait of a lovely child, should recal to our minds, the marked attention which the incarnate Saviour pays to children, when he calls them to him, says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God:" and adds, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

THE END.

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